

## CHARIVARIA.

A DEAR old lady having read of the intended fight between JEFFRIES and JOHN-SON is said to have cabled to America begging them rather to lay the matter in dispute before the Hague Tribunal.

LORD ROSEBURY's allegation that we are less thrifty than we used to be has been brought to the notice of the Controller of the Post Office Savings Bank, who has expressed the opinion that nowadays the Englishman puts money by for the fine day, not for the rainy day. But this, in our climate, surely means more thrift, not less?

"It is the man who wears the cloth cap who is the ruler in the country," says the Archbishop of York. This news as to the headgear affected by Mr. REDMOND is most interesting.

"As a patron of the theatre in London," says Sir HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, "Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is an asset." There! We always thought that there must be some good in him.

A representative of *The Daily Chronicle* has interviewed Dr. RUTHERFORD on the subject of Sir CHARLES HARDINGE's appointment as Viceroy of India. "I think," said the dear doctor, "this appointment is a fatal blunder. . . . If I were asked whom I would suggest I should say unhesitatingly, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. . . . I feel that we over here hardly realise the position in India." This last sentence may explain but does not excuse the previous one.

An article in *The Daily Mail* on "The Waste of Great Men" opened with the following words:—"Three of the most distinguished men living and working to-day are without opportunity for the public exercise of their talents." Judge of the surprise of Mr. GRAYSON, Mr. LUPTON, and Mr. HORATIO MYER, of the late Parliament, upon reading on, to find that the article referred to Lord KITCHENER, Mr. ROOSEVELT, and Herr DERNBURG!

For the following Charivarium we are indebted to the Johannesburg cor-

respondent of *The Daily Chronicle*:—"The appointments made by General BOTHA as permanent heads of departments are fair and efficient, and of a non-racial character. Transvaal officials have secured most of the places."

Exception has been taken in Berlin to the KAISER's testimonial to the effect that he reads the Bible often and with pleasure. It is felt that it would have shown a more Pan-Ger-

ciation may bring back to London the habit of dreaming beautiful dreams. The reaction against the "Wake up, England!" movement has apparently come sooner than we had expected.

The Carlton Hotel system for the abolition of cab-whistles was inaugurated last week by Madame PATTI, and there is some dissatisfaction in musical circles that the famous *diva* should not rather have used her influence for improving the musical quality of the whistles. Supposing, for instance, that the Hotel had retained Mr. CAPPER for the job?

We hear, by the by, that locally the nuisance, which is mainly due to persons who have been supping, is known as the Pig and Whistle Nuisance.

Meanwhile, although a beginning has been made in the abolition of the cab whistles, and quieter motor omnibuses are promised, there is no immediate danger of London becoming too dull owing to the silence of the streets.

A canary which, by its fall from its perch in a house at Long Acre, saved the lives of several persons by warning them of the presence of poisonous gases, received the honour, last week, of a post-mortem examination at Charing Cross Hospital. The proposal, said to emanate from Our Dumb Friends' League, that the bird should also be accorded a public funeral, would appear to have been dropped.

Mr. KETTLE, M.P., has been objecting in the House to Sir EDWARD GREY's having taken Mr. ROOSEVELT's advice in regard to Egypt. "As for Mr. ROOSEVELT," declared Mr. KETTLE, "he does not seem to be a person of very great importance." This is not the first time there have been differences between a little Kettle and a big Pot.

The ROOSEVELT example is evidently infectious. "Your Aliens Act is a farce," said another foreign critic, this time at the Guildhall Police Court. And he knew what he was talking about. "I have already been deported twice," he added.



Guardman. "HULLO, JIM, WOT'S YER GAME?"

Friend. "I'M GOING FOR A SOLDIER!"

Guardman. "YOU DON'T SAY SO. WHAT REGIMENT, JIM?"

Friend. "I DUNNO; 'E'S BIN A-WALKING AWT WIV MY LIZ."

manic attitude if he had said something to encourage contemporary Teuton literature.

"The discovery of the North Pole," says Commander PEARY, "means that the last of the great primary problems of the North Polar work is solved, and it is now a matter of filling in the details." That, however, was just what Dr. COOK found the most difficult part of the business.

Professor J. H. B. MASTERMAN hopes that the Workers' Educational Asso-

## A DREAM OF PLAIN WOMEN.

[MRS. CARL MEYER, responding to the toast of "Fair Women" at the Grafton Galleries, is alleged to have stated that all women in their hearts consider that they ought to be classed under that category.]

How many women, far from fair,  
I have observed and wondered why  
They challenged with a conquering air  
The homage of the passer-by;  
Or else assumed a modest mien,  
Shunning with shy averted glances  
The outrage of a gaze too keen,  
Too full of vernal fancies.

Untouched I've sauntered through the spell  
And kept my eye serene and cold,  
Having no flattering tale to tell,  
No hint of ardour overbold;  
And still the marvel grew and grew  
Why women, built with hopeless faces,  
Won't rest content to worry through  
With just the moral graces.

But now I know. By instinct taught  
The homeliest woman likes to think  
(The wish is mother to the thought)  
That she is beautiful as a pink;  
From this obsession all in vain  
Her bosom-friends conspire to free her,  
She *will* not see herself as plain  
As other people see her.

Ah! Harriet, you remember how  
I overlooked your lack of charms,  
Ignored your narrow spotted brow,  
Your tilted nose, your tawny arms;  
Moved by the fate that marred your life  
(And Love is Pity's near relation),  
I meant to let you be my wife  
By way of mitigation.

But if, of course, by Nature's light  
You felt that beauty from you shone  
Almost too perilously bright  
For naked orbs to gaze upon,  
I see exactly why you sniffed,  
Treating the golden chance like pewter,  
Gave to your nose an extra lift,  
And lost a priceless suitor.

O. S.

## Procedure.

Barrister's clerks regulate the whole professional actions of their masters, and further type their letters, prepare their afternoon tea, caddy for them on circuit golf links, and as often as not become the most intimate of their confidants.

"William," said I, "this is a matter of extreme delicacy and importance. The great text-books of the law are silent on the point and give me no advice, so I turn to you. I am about to engage a cook. There is an applicant for the post. She has written to me and I have written back. I should have liked to engage her without further to-do, but I am told that a preliminary interview is essential. Under pressure I have made an appointment for four o'clock this afternoon. It is now a quarter to, and I am still in complete ignorance on all matters domestic, menial, economical, purveyoral and culinary. What shall I say to her?"

"Ask her, Sir," said William, simply,—"ask her if she can cook."

## THE AVERAGE-ADJUSTER.

SOMEHOW his appearance seemed quite familiar to me, but for the life of me I couldn't say where I had met him before. There was a curious look in his face—something which struck me as being both indefinite and universal. It didn't make any one special impression, but seemed to be trying to make all sorts of impressions at the same time. His clothes were of no particular age or cut. Nondescript clothes, I should call them. He wore a bowler hat, a black tie and a pair of brown lace-up boots. During the whole of our conversation, which, by the way, took place in the Strand, he was smoking a briarwood pipe, or, rather, his pipe was always going out, and he was continually lighting it again. He must have spent at least fifty wooden matches in ten minutes.

It all began with the blowing off of my hat. He was good enough to capture it and restore it to me.

"Pray don't mention it," he said when I thanked him. "If it hadn't been yours it would have had to be mine."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, you see," he answered, "our people are compiling statistics about hats for a private investigator, and if there hadn't been one more hat blown off in the Strand at this very moment, all his tables would have been wrong. I was ordered to watch, and if somebody else's hat hadn't been taken mine would have had to go. It had to be an actual hat: we never fake our results."

"You've done me a good turn to-day—nothing makes a man more ridiculous than running after his own hat—so I don't mind telling you who we are and how we work. Our people are Average-Adjusters, the greatest organisation in the world. There's nothing in America to match it. They don't know everything over there, not by long chalks. How do we work? Well, I'll give you an example. I daresay you've noticed paragraphs giving an account of the things left by passengers in railway carriages—so many umbrellas, so many handkerchiefs, so many babies' feeding-bottles, so many cuckoo-clocks, etc. Then there's a statement of the total number of passengers carried by all the companies, and from that they calculate the forgetfulness per thousand. Most of it's our doing. We work for the companies, of course. Last year, for instance, they wanted something striking, so we had two hundred of our best men told off to litter the rolling stock of the United Kingdom with dogs, pictures, mowing machines, kangaroos, musical boxes, boots, bangles and purses stuffed full of sovereigns. We were at it for a week. There was an article about the whole thing in *The Moonbeam*. You wrote it, did you? Well, I couldn't have done it better myself."

"I daresay you've wondered why the consumption of beer and spirits has been going down. No, it isn't the Budget: it's our organisation. Two of our Directors have turned teetotalers, and the consequence is all the employés have had orders to give up alcohol and drink water or dry ginger-ale. You can't cut off a couple of hundred thousand steady drinkers without making a difference. I forget the exact decrease in gallons per head of the population *per annum*, but it's something pretty substantial. Personally I don't like the change. My imagination doesn't seem to work so well on ginger ale; but I daresay it's a good thing, take it all round."

"Then there are the traffic accidents. We do a lot in that; it's one of our best lines. Not the deaths, you know—we don't touch them, except now and then on very



**FOUR HANDS THAT BEAT AS ONE.**

THE "PROTECTING POWERS" PROCEED TO "REGULARISE THE SITUATION" IN REGARD TO CRETE.







*The Villain of the Piece.* "AND SO, EUSTACE GOODHEART, I LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE, FIVE HUNDRED MILES FROM ANY POSSIBILITY OF HUMAN AID. ESCAPE IF YOU CAN—CURSE YOU!"  
[And he does escape—twice night'y too!]

special terms—but the ordinary accidents, where people are knocked down or slightly run over. If it wasn't for us, there wouldn't be any average worth mentioning. The motor-cars have made people so careful. We've got twenty picked men and women out in London to-day on that kind of job. Do you see that old lady there in the middle of the street? She's one of our champions. Ah! she's running back now. It's not a bit of good their all shouting and blowing their horns. She's bound to be into that motor-bus just as it stops. There! She's done it as neat as ninepence. I must go and help to pick her up and identify her. She's my aunt, you know." And with that the Adjuster plunged into the crowd and I lost him.

"These . . . omnibuses will revolutionise town traffic, and they will certainly tend to soothe, instead of irritate, the jaded nerves of the poor dwellers in cities by their gliding smoothness and lack of sound. I hope that we shall hear more of them ere long on the streets of London."—*Standard*.

Thank you, we have heard enough.

"We are supplying thousands of Families throughout the kingdom with various kinds of excellent Fruit all the year round for 2s. Write to us and we will do the same for you."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

It sounds cheap enough.

"Apperley batted first, and compiled 101 for six months."

*Gloucestershire Echo.*

Yorkshire must look to its laurels.

#### POTTED POETS.

I STOOD at midnight on the bridge which bore me  
Forwards, forwards o'er the starlit sea:  
The winds were high on Helle's wave and stormy,  
And Mary called the cows across the Dee.  
The Curfew tolled between the dawn and day-time;  
The deep sea moaned; the vessel puffed her sail;  
I could not hear the children in their playtime  
(Oh, prithee, lover, why so wan and pale?)  
The happy tree was planted in December;  
A thing of beauty ever is a joy:  
The house where I was born I can't remember,  
For on the burning deck there stands the boy.  
And from the golden bar the blessed maiden  
Leaned out: she dwelt half hidden from the eye  
Upon the Grampian Hills in distant Aidenn;  
Drink! for you know not whence she came, nor why.  
But Linden saw another sight next morning;  
His comrades left him there a little while,  
His starved lips gaping wide with horrid warning;  
Oh, Mary, come! I'm sitting on the stile!

"Laccetta sang love songs in a good tenor voice, and the widow succumbed."—*The Star*.

It wasn't always as fatal as that, however. Survivors were frequent.

## THE PENALTY OF GENIUS.

(An Interview in the grudging manner of  
Mr. Bram Stoker.)

SIR GULLIVER STODGE, who on Sunday entered his sixtieth year, was sitting in the picturesque pagoda in his garden at Edgingham, the residential suburb of Brumchester, wherein he often works when the weather is fine. Contrariwise, when the weather is inclement, he prefers to exercise his mighty brain in the seclusion of his own sanctum. The day being somewhat chilly, Sir Gulliver wore a heavy "caped Munster" coat. But his cloth cap had been laid aside and revealed the noble proportions of his superb cerebellum in all their opulent immensity. Sir Gulliver Stodge is a huge man—even huger than I am. Six feet three inches he stands in his stocking vamps, to use a picturesque Hibernianism pardonable in one who has made a special study of vampires, and he is strongly built, though not fat. His general appearance impresses, carries conviction with it; but his head is Olympian. It is a massive cupola, high and broad and long, with all the great phrenological faculties seemingly well developed. Naturally with a man of such deep study he is rather bald; what hair remains is fine and close-growing. His features are somewhat massive, as becomes the greatness of both body and mind. He wears a beard now streaked with white and grey, conveying the impression of a colossal humanised magpie, endowed with preternatural sagacity. This magpie simile, by the way, never occurred to BEBBIE, who once also did his worst with Sir Gulliver. It is there that I get the bulge on the saponaceous HAROLD.

Sir Gulliver's grandfather, who had twenty-four children, was domiciled for several years in Co. Tipperary, famous for its big men, but Lemuel Stodge outbulked them all. He was six feet eight in height, weighed thirty stone and wore a number nine hat. The epithet "stodgy," Sir Gulliver assures me, was first coined to designate the massive and monumental corpus of his eminent ancestor. Ultimately the Stodges migrated to Bootle,

and finally settled at Chowbent, where Sir Gulliver first honoured the light.

Since then his life has been one long carnival of transcendental intellectuality. Indeed, it is hard to understand how a man who has launched the new Brumchester University on its dizzy career of prosperity could ever have found time for such a constant succession of strenuous mental efforts. He is interviewed on an average three times a day. Casts of his head are

gorgeous peacock, waking strange echoes with his strident voice. Two tall, beautiful young daughters, straight as lances, sprint gracefully across the lawn to their handsome mother who is picking a bunch of flowers. The air is full of music; thrush, blackbird, nightingale, peacock, owl and chaffinch sing emulously, and their pellucid piping seems to give resonance and flavour to the far-off roll of wheels on the roadway beyond the belt of beech and flowering alder. Somehow eye and ear alike yield themselves in this cosmic background to the thoughts of the great student of the mysteries of life and nature.

I must premise the record of our conversation by stating that though in places I try to give Sir Gulliver's actual words, it must be understood that I aim at the general effect of the conversation produced upon myself. "I notice," I said, "that in your book, *Subliminal Switherings*, you state that the conjugation in very great masses of conglutinative gladiobes conduces to aplastic as well as contrapuntal modifications of the *medulla oblongata*. Are we to take it that the centrifugal consciousness exerts a reciprocal action on the metatarsal bascules?"

He assented with a grave nod of his Olympian occiput.

"Then," I queried, "if memory and individuality remain, and if in virtue of your claim of sentience for the grouping of groups, the collocation of atoms can be indefinitely postulated, are we not already on the way to produce at will an astral body?"

"Pardon me," interjected the bulbous-browed philosopher, gently agitating his dome of anything but silence, "I didn't use the expression 'grouping the group.' Such a process is only fit for astral acrobats. What I do assert is that we are each of us only a part of a larger personality than is here displayed—of a bigger Me!"

"A bigger You," I exclaimed in a fit of abject incredulity. "Why, Sir Gulliver, that is simply inconceivable!" and in a brief monologue, lasting for some three-quarters of an hour, I placed before him the conclusions of the ancient Egyptians, the primitive Peruvians, and the aboriginal Australians



Mother (to Policeman). "SHURE, DENNIS ISN'T A BAD BOY AT ALL AT ALL, BUT HE'S TROUBLED NOW AN' THIS WID A RUSH OF MIND TO THE BRAIN."

taken almost hourly, and there are times when the click of the camera, snapshotting his Olympian features and his wonderful magpie beard, is heard continuously from morn till dewy eve.

Now, as he sits in his garden-house looking out over the emerald lawn, all glistening with late rain, with fine trees and luxuriant shrubs budding everywhere and flowers in rich profusion, it is hard to realise that this serene, big-browed man is talking of things of which the very thought is still in a state of inchoate semi-adumbration in the untrodden limbo of the future. Over the wet grass walks daintily a

on the subject of concrete cosmopolitanism, abject asceticism, and kindred topics.

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In the twilight, in the rain-sweetened garden, and later on in the silence of the study, wherein we talked when the others had gone to bed, the train of thought continued. And still the peacocks raised their Melba-like sopranos in celestial strains. At last one piercing top note reminded me of other duties, and I tore myself reluctantly away from my huge but gentle-hearted host. At any rate, I said to myself as I committed the results of this monstrous day to paper (not made in Newfoundland), I have out-Harolded BEGGIE, I have out-blathered BLATHWAYT.

#### LETTERS FROM TRADESMEN.

##### I.

DEAR SIR,—A time of year has now arrived when it is desirable to exchange thick underclothing for something more light. We therefore venture to take this opportunity of drawing your attention to the enclosed samples of our famous "Airloom" material, the popular substitute for wool, which combines all the advantages of a woollen fabric with the durability of chain-armour, at half the price. Trusting to receive the favour of your kind patronage,

We are, Yours humbly,  
— & Co.

##### II.

DEAR MADAM,—We take the liberty of drawing your attention to the accompanying tin, which contains a sample of "Bredsmear," the new and wonderful substitute for butter. For a long time some of the most distinguished chemists in the country have been at work endeavouring to solve the problem how to make a butter which, while preserving all the more popular characteristics of butter, shall yet not be butter, and thus neither make the severe inroads upon the purse which butter makes, nor subject the consumer to the numerous ailments incident to bovine life. Trusting you will see your way to ordering a sample firkin,

We are, Yours cordially,  
— & Co.

##### III.

DEAR MADAM,—As you are no doubt only too well aware the price of meat is not only exceedingly high at this moment, but is likely to rise still higher. This being so we have decided to come forward as public benefactors, and have placed upon the market our great substitute for beef which we call "Square Meal." The ingredients of "Square



#### SLAVES OF FASHION.

Ethel. "LEND ME YOUR HANKY, MABEL."

Mabel. "HAVEN'T YOU ONE IN YOUR BAG?"

Ethel. "GOOD GRACIOUS, MY DEAR GIRL, DO YOU THINK I SHOULD PUT ANYTHING IN THIS BAG? IT'S AS MUCH AS I CAN CARRY EMPTY!"

"Meal" are naturally a secret, but we may say that the best analytical chemists that money can buy have found in a pound block of it enough nutriment to sustain twenty Territorials on a long and fatiguing march and twice that number of Boy Scouts. The price of a pound block is only eightpence, which we venture to think compares favourably with the price of even indifferent brisket at the present moment. Trusting you will retain the accom-

panying block and give it a fair chance,  
We are, Yours faithfully,  
— & Co.

##### IV.

DEAR SIR,—Feeling confident that you, as well as ourselves, and indeed all sensible persons, must deplore the systematic inflation of the price of wine, we make no apology for bringing to your notice a champagne of our own devising which we are confident will



yield the most satisfactory results at a figure less than a third that which is asked for the well-known brands. Our substitute for champagne, which we have called "Veuve Groseille," is a perfectly pure product of fermented fruit, and so skilfully is it compounded that blindfolded experts have been utterly at a loss to detect which was the imitation and which the (so-called) real. We do not claim that a gourmet would not be deceived; but for all practical purposes "Veuve Groseille" does the trick. We can offer it at 24/- a dozen, and beg your acceptance of the accompanying quarter-bottle.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours to command,

— ET CIE.

v.

DEAR MADAM,—You may not perhaps have seen a recent number of *The British Medical Journal*, in which attention is called to a new and subtle danger of domestic life, the irritation to the lungs caused by inhaling minute particles of pungent dust that arise from the canister whenever a spoonful of tea is taken out. So fine as to be almost imperceptible, this dust is none the less a violent irritant, and many a cook and parlour-maid, and even lady of the house, have suffered in consequence, all unconscious of the insidious cause.

Taking this serious matter into consideration, as also the high price of tea, we have placed upon the market a perfectly satisfactory substitute for the famous and fragrant, but dutiable and dusty, Chinese herb, which will be known, we trust, in every family in the United Kingdom as "Cad-Ton" (Caddy Tonic), a product of natural growth which, however, while smelling like tea and looking like and tasting like tea, contains no tannin, does not unduly excite the nerves, makes no poisonous dust, and, being non-dutiable, can be sold for sixpence a pound and still yield a just margin of profit to all grocers.

Trusting that the enclosed ounce sample will give you joy,

We remain, Yours hopefully,  
— & Co.

From a letter in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"A clergyman once complained to me that nine-tenths of his parishioners went away from Saturday to Monday, one-fifth of the remaining tenth took advantage of the Sunday trips, one-fifth remained at home, and the remainder made up the congregation. I am glad to say there are some exceptions. Fortune guided my steps past the Carmelite Church last Sunday. . . ."

That, we gather, is the complaint.

### PAT-BALL.

"You'll play tennis?" said my hostess absently. "That's right. Let me introduce you to Miss—er—um."

"Oh, we've met before," smiled Miss—I've forgotten the name again now.

"Thank you," I said gratefully. I thought it was extremely nice of her to remember me. Probably I had spilt lemonade over her at a dance, and in some way the incident had fixed itself in her mind. We do these little things, you know, and think nothing of them at the moment, but all the time—

"Smooth," said a voice.

I looked up and found that a pair of opponents had mysteriously appeared, and that my partner was leading the way on to the court.

"I'll take the right-hand side, if you don't mind," she announced. "Oh, and what about apologising?" she went on. "Shall we do it after every stroke, or at the end of each game, or when we say good-bye, or never? I get so tired of saying 'sorry.'"

"Oh, but we shan't want to apologise; I'm sure we're going to get on beautifully together."

"I suppose you've played a lot this summer?"

"No, not at all yet, but I'm feeling rather strong, and I've got a new racquet. One way and another, I expect to play a very powerful game."

Our male opponent served. He had what I should call a nasty swift service. The first ball rose very suddenly and took my partner on the side of the head. ("Sorry," she apologised. "It's all right," I said magnanimously.) I returned the next into the net; the third clean bowled my partner; and off the last I was caught in the slips. (*One, love.*)

"Will you serve?" said Miss—I wish I could remember her surname. Her Christian name was Hope or Charity or something like that; I know, when I heard it, I thought it was just as well. If I might call her Miss Hope for this once? Thank you.

"Will you serve?" said Miss Hope.

In the right-hand court I use the American service, which means that I never know till the last moment which side of the racquet is going to hit the ball. On this occasion it was a dead heat—that is to say, I got it in between with the wood; and the ball sailed away over beds and beds of the most beautiful flowers.

"Oh, is that the American service?" said Miss Hope, much interested.

"South American," I explained. "Down in Peru they never use anything else."

In the left-hand court I employ the ordinary Hampstead Smash into the bottom of the net. After four Hampstead Smashes and four Peruvian Teasers (*Love, two*) I felt that another explanation was called for.

"I've got a new racquet I've never used before," I said. "My old one is being pressed; it went to the shop yesterday to have the creases taken out. Don't you find that with a new racquet you—er—exactly."

In the third game we not only got the ball over but kept it between the white lines on several occasions—though not so often as our opponents (*three, love*); and in the fourth game Miss Hope served gentle lobs, while I, at her request, stood close up to the net and defended myself with my racquet. I warded off the first two shots amidst applause (*thirty, love*), and dodged the next three (*thirty, forty*), but the last one was too quick for me and won the cocoa-nut with some ease. (*Game. Love, four.*)

"It's all right, thanks," I said to my partner; "it really doesn't hurt a bit. Now then, let's buck up and play a simply dashing game."

Miss Hope excelled herself in that fifth game, but I was still unable to find a length. To be more accurate, I was unable to find a shortness—my long game was admirably strong and lofty.

"Are you musical?" said my partner at the end of it. (*Five, love.*) She had been very talkative all through.

"Come, come," I said impatiently, "you don't want a song at this very moment. Surely you can wait till the end of the set?"

"Oh, I was only just wondering."

"I quite see your point. You feel that Nature always compensates us in some way, and that as—"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Hope in great confusion. "I didn't mean that at all."

She must have meant it. You don't talk to people about singing in the middle of a game of tennis; certainly not to comparative strangers who have only spilt lemonade over your frock once before. No, no. It was an insult, and it nerved me to a great effort. I discarded—for it was my serve—the Hampstead Smash; I discarded the Peruvian Teaser. Instead, I served two Piccadilly Benders from the right-hand court and two Westminster Welts from the left-hand. The Piccadilly Bender is my own invention. It can only be served from the one court, and it must have a wind against it. You deliver it with your back to the net, which makes the striker think that you have either forgotten all about the game, or else are apologising to the spectators for your previous



exhibition. Then with a violent contortion you slue your body round and serve, whereupon your opponent perceives that you *are* playing, and that it is just one more ordinary fault into the wrong court. So she calls "Fault!" in a contemptuous tone and drops her racquet . . . and then adds hurriedly, "Oh, no, sorry, it wasn't a fault, after all." That being where the wind comes in.

The Westminster Welt is in theory the same as the Hampstead Smash, but goes over the net. One must be in very good form (or have been recently insulted) to bring this off.

Well, we won that game, a breeze having just sprung up; and, carried away by enthusiasm and mutual admiration, we collected another. (*Five, two.*) Then it was Miss Hope's serve again.

"Good-bye," I said; "I suppose you want me in the fore-front again?"

"Please."

"I don't mind *her* shots—the bottle of scent is absolutely safe; but I'm afraid he'll win another packet of woodbines."

Miss Hope started off with a double, which was rather a pity, and then gave our masculine adversary what is technically called "one to kill." I saw instinctively that I was the one, and I held my racquet ready with both hands. Our opponent, who had been wanting his tea for the last two games, was in no mood of dalliance; he fairly let himself go over this shot. In a moment I was down on my knees behind the net . . . and the next moment I saw through the meshes a very strange thing. The other man, with his racquet on the ground, was holding his eye with both hands!

"Don't you think," said Miss Hope (*two, five—abandoned*) "that your overhead volleying is just a little severe?"

A. A. M.

#### The Fatal Spot.

"The week also supplied the inevitable charging rhinoceros, this particular one charging the camp during lunch and creating the most indescribable confusion and noise until his career was cut short by a bullet near the dining tent."—*The Standard*. The writer puts it very delicately; though we always thought that a better place was just behind the shoulder.

From a letter in *The Scotsman*:

"I was informed recently by a worthy member of the kirk-session of West Linton that he knew for a fact that Kemp was born in the neighbourhood of Piggart, and that his mother had been present on that auspicious occasion, being a relative of the family."

About the second part of the worthy member's assertion there is certainly the ring of truth.



Basil. "MOTHER, NURSE HAS SENT ME IN TO SAY I'M SORRY I'VE BROKEN THE WATER-BOTTLE IN THE NIGHT NURSERY—(with ferocity)—MEANING TO."

#### For the Truthful Organ-Grinder.

A correspondent who has recently been making a study of the inscriptions displayed on street-pianos sends us the following suggestion as suitable for the use of the honest organ-grinder:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I am a young fellow of only twenty-four years of age. I am not a British working-man, neither am I a clerk who has sought in vain for employment, nor a bus-driver who has been driven off the road by the motors. In short, I am an organ-grinder.

I am not driven to this occupation as a last resource; I have chosen it as the means most attractive to me of earning a living. I do not possess a starving wife or nine little children; indeed, I am a bachelor. I am in

excellent health, suffering from neither cataract in the eyes, nor cancer, nor injuries caused by a boiler explosion on H.M.S. *Handel*.

I do not expect you to spare a copper if you don't want to, but my mate will pass round the hat in case you do. Anyway, don't worry about me; I make more at this job than any bus-driver and many a clerk, and though my face may be sad my heart is light.

Your obedient Servant, etc.

#### Remarks which have averted Panics.

"Not a Frenchman in possession of his wits dreams that Alsace will ever be restored to Turkey."—*The Bystander*.

There are probably very few things a Frenchman doesn't dream about, but this is one of them.



### LITTLE WORRIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN UNFORTUNATE SPORTSMAN INCURS THE DISPLEASURE OF A WITCH.

#### THE POACHER'S PARADISE.

[“In the Blue-Book on the preservation of wild animals in Africa, just issued, a despatch from the Acting-Governor of Uganda mentions: ‘Four bull elephants shot in error’ and ‘two cow elephants shot in error.’ How the ‘errors’ arose is not explained, but ‘in no case was it considered that a fine was necessary.’”—*Daily Mail*.]

PARRITCH for breakfast an’ parritch for dinner,  
Parritch for supper an’ parritch for tea!  
Whiles there are days when the wame o’ a sinner  
Sets him protestin’, “Nae parritch for me!”  
Whiles he’s a habit o’ thinkin’ a rabbit  
A pleasin’ divairision frae sic a dull fare,  
Whiles a bit pheasant he doots would be pleasant,  
Whiles a bit pairtrick or mebbe a hare.

I’ll no be denyin’ that aince in a blue mune  
A thocht sic as this may have entered ma head,  
I’ll no be denyin’ the licht of the new mune  
Has lured me awa’ mair than aince frae ma bed.  
I’ll no be denyin’, when white tails were flyin’,  
Wi’ ferrets ahint them, I’ve made some mistak’,  
An’ it may hae sae happit my stick has been drappit—  
Of course accidentally—down on their backs.

Noo, errors like these may be weel comprehended—  
I’ the dark ye can scarcely tell rabbit frae stoat,  
An’ ye arena surprised gin, afore the fun’s ended,  
Ye find a bit game in the tail o’ your coat.  
When the night’s dark an’ chilly the pairtricks seem silly,  
An’ fly in your face just as fast as ye please,

The pheasants grow feckless an’ rocket sae reckless  
They drap at the feet of ye plump through the trees.

But when a man says he has shot accidentally  
Muckle great beasties as big as a house,  
Ye wunner if onything’s wrang wi’ him mentally—  
Whether he thoct ‘twas a rat or a mouse.  
Did he doot ‘twas the figures o’ cannibal niggers  
Waitin’ to kill him an’ chop him in chunks?  
Or had he been drinkin’, and micht he be thinkin’  
‘Twas snakes when the beasties were wagglin’ their  
trunks?

An’ gin it is strange that a body should dare to  
Invent an excuse ye can only ca’ tosh,  
It’s mair o’ a wunner that ony should care to  
Pretend to believe that they thoct it wad wash.  
Gin the keeper had found me wi’ pairtricks a’ round me  
An’ I had explained ‘twas in error they fell,  
Do ye think that ma fiction would carry conviction?  
‘Twould no to the Bench, though it micht to mysel.

“There is an old lady living in Bathurst Street, Grahamstown, who enjoys the distinguished record of having lived under the reign of the last six British Sovereigns. Born in George II.’s reign, she has witnessed the changes of Government as represented by George III., George IV., William IV., Queen Victoria, Edward VII., George V.”  
*Eastern Province Herald.*

Even now she is only a hundred and fifty.

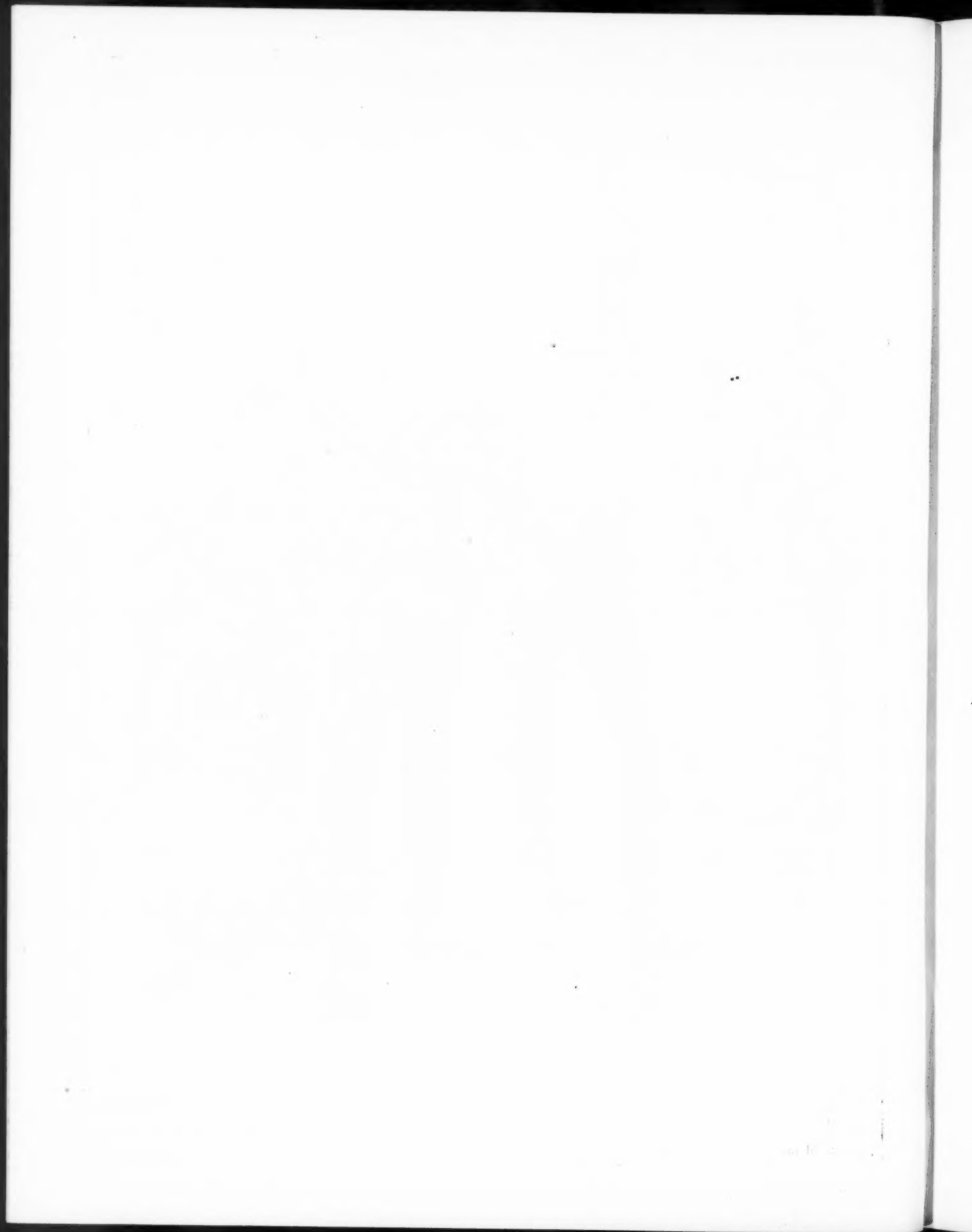


### THE MALTESE WALL-FLOWER.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT (*aside to Lord Kitchener*). "GOT MY HANDS PRETTY FULL. YOU'RE STANDING OUT, I SEE."

LORD KITCHENER. "YES, SIR. I MIGHT HAVE HAD YOUR LATE PARTNER, MISS MEDITERRANEA, BUT—WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT *SHE'S* LIKE."





**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, June 13.*—High comedy founded on projected Conference on Veto Resolutions carried a stage further. Only two characters in the piece. There is the British Public, represented by House of Commons, burning with desire to know all about it; and there is the PREMIER, who cannot conceive why anyone should be interested in a matter so infinitesimal in importance that it would never occur to him to mention it.

House crowded in anticipation of "a Statement." Papers full of the subject; where two or three are gathered together, in Clubs, at street corners, in the Lobby, the Conference is sole topic of conversation. Buzz of excitement runs along crowded benches when PRINCE ARTHUR strolls in, flushed with the June sun and victory on the golf links at Sandwich. The PREMIER, earlier in his place, sat sorting notes, doubtless presently to be elaborated in the momentous "Statement."

Scores of questions printed on paper. With exception of one group their slow progress impatiently watched. Exception relates to arrangements made for Members to view procession at Funeral of late KING. LOULU, brought to task in his capacity as First Commissioner of Works, takes cover behind EARL MARSHAL. Naturally manoeuvre inadequate. A good deal of LOULU seen above head and shoulders of his Grace of NORFOLK, whom he describes as being "in sole control of arrangements."

Very well; House not pedantic about details. If it were the EARL MARSHAL who arranged position of Parliamentary stand where little could be seen, if it were he who forbade ex-M.P.'s, albeit Privy Councillors, to enter Westminster Hall during the Lying in State, then let the EARL MARSHAL's head be brought in on a charger. Clamour of supplementary questions having this object in view was rising to dangerous height, when SPEAKER interposed. Consequently EARL MARSHAL still lives.

At last, in response to enquiry from PRINCE ARTHUR as to course of business, PREMIER on his legs. A hush falls over impatient House: now all shall be told, rumour laid to rest, conjecture silenced. Referring to notes,

PREMIER commences to appropriate particular work to successive days of week. Mentions Consolidated Fund Bill; alludes to Census Bill, Small Holdings (No. 3) Bill, the Civil List, a Regency Bill, "and on Friday we will take a Local Government Board Bill."

Then, positively, he sits down! Not a word about the Conference. House gasped with astonishment. In another second SPEAKER would have called on

about terms of question. For moment PREMIER sat unresponsive; evidently turning them over in his mind and wondering what specific matter they might allude to.

Ah! the Conference, of course. It must be that. Suppose he must say something in reply.

This he did in two sentences. In the first chaffed the omniscient newspapers for "their illuminating revelations;" in the second confirmed this particular one.

Poor realisation this of extravagant expectation of dramatic disclosure. But it served.

*Business done.*—Miscellaneous. In opposing issue of writ for East Dorset MARKHAM gave welcome new turn to hackneyed figure of speech. Represented Lady WIMBORNE, in anticipation of Mr. GUEST standing for the constituency, saying to herself, "My son has fought and lost three elections. Now at last he has come down to fight under my own doorstep." Quite time the old fig-tree was uprooted.

*Tuesday.*—A pretty episode varied prosaic course of business. Questions disposed of, the DEPUTY-SPEAKER (presiding in place of Dr. LOWTHER, who has business at Cambridge to-day) called on "Mr. BURT." From the bar, where he had stood unobserved, the Member for Morpeth responded.

"A message from QUEEN ALEXANDRA."

House long known respected and esteemed colleague whose proud record is written in the pages of *Dod*: "Commenced working in the coal mines at ten years of age." Has watched with pleasure his advance to Ministerial office, his promotion to the Privy Council. Never imagined it would behold him as a Queen's Messenger, the authorised medium of communication between the QUEEN-MOTHER and the faithful Commons.

Yet here he was in his Sunday suit, reciting with broad Northumbrian burr her MAJESTY's words: "I thank you with all my heart for the address of condolence you have presented to me."

Having read the document, the representative of Royalty made due obeisance, advanced to Table, and laid it thereon. Here it seemed was end of scene watched with keen interest by crowded House. BURT might have wheeled to left or right, or turned about to regain his place by the Bar. Whenever he takes a matter in hand



"LOULU TAKES COVER BEHIND EARL MARSHAL."  
(The Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Harcourt.)

Orders of the Day. Happily DALZIEL is on his watch-tower on back bench below Gangway, to see that Liberal Party is being run straight, and that, speaking generally (as BROWNING did in quite another connection), "all's well with the world."

"Does the PRIME MINISTER," he asked, leaping to his feet, "contemplate making any statement in regard to certain reports as to negotiations proceeding between the two Front Benches?"

Delightful non-committal vagueness



The Professors. "My dee-ar Burt! that's simply perfect! You've an absolute gift for it. We couldn't have done it better ourselves!!"

is accustomed to do it thoroughly. During thirty-six years' membership has had many opportunities of observing the uniformed Envoys of the Sovereign discharging duties akin to that committed to him. Has often seen BOBBY SPENCER, when Vice-Chamberlain, supported by native dignity and highly starched collar, advance and retire with his "Message from the QUEEN." In later years has had the advantage of studying the MASTER OF ELIBANK on the same errand, performed with equal grace and skill.

As successive Black Rods have learned, it is no easy task (not being a crab) to make a bee-line backwards from Table to Bar, conscious of the critical scrutiny of four hundred pair of eyes. But Thomas, "son of Peter Burt, miner," did not spend boyhood's years among devious turnings of Northumberland coal-pit for nothing. Having delivered his message he, to consternation of House, began to walk backward. As with sure foot he made his way, consternation changed to admiration. When he reached the Bar and made final obeisance to Chair, a hearty cheer burst forth from both sides.

Incident rather spoiled opportunity of PRIME MINISTER and CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. As it chanced they also were charged with Royal messages. LLOYD GEORGE came first with one from the KING, concerning the new Civil List. The PREMIER, bearing a second dealing with Appointment for Regency, attempted to exalt his mission by mentioning that *his* message was "signed by the KING's own hand." BURT took the shine out of all, and the House does not care for more than one sensation at a sitting.

ASQUITH is above mean jealousies. He knows now where, in case of vacancy in the Household appointments, he can find a suitable Treasurer or Vice-Chamberlain. We may yet see THOMAS BURT uniformed, belted, epauletted, carrying the white staff of office, the bearer of yet unwritten "Message from the KING."

*Business done.*—Several Bills advanced a stage. In respect of one of them order made that without consent of Urban District Council Portrush shall not play golf on Sundays.

*Thursday.*—Towards close of busy week Members still asking themselves, Who is DOBE? and what his well-

known case? Introduced to notice by WINTERTON. Question arose upon appointment to desirable position in India Office. Members behind Front Opposition Bench have heard that CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, a "sort of" Lord HALSBURY, has marked the prize down for a *protégé*. Hence the quickened and sustained interest in the affair.

Several questions put and answered, up gat WINTERTON with searching enquiry, addressed to UNDER-SECRETARY, "Will the honourable gentleman bear in mind the well-known case of Mr. DOBE?"

House stared in blank amazement. "Who's DOBE?" men asked each other, and there was no reply.

The MEMBER FOR SARK fancies WINTERTON was thinking of DOWB and the famous message transmitted by the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR to the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the hapless army in the Crimea, "Take care of DOWB." Disclosure of this domestic injunction convulsed the nation with sardonic merriment, DOWB being a young kinsman of the WAR MINISTER. Half a century ago, when WINTERTON was at Eton, it was still the talk of town and country. Out of rich store of historical erudition he brings up the old catchword and applies it to modern instance, with effect partially marred by mispronunciation.

*Business done.*—A good deal, and House up at 7.40 withal.

**The right word at the right moment.**

Habeas Corpus was a dull-looking chap, not over-shaven. Once he walked into a shop, stole some boots, walked out again, but was unfortunately overtaken by the shopman, to whom he remarked, "It is a fair cop." At the Police Station he was duly cautioned and asked if he desired to make any statement. "It was a fair cop," he said, and was eventually committed for trial at Quarter Sessions. It was when the Clerk of the Peace had said, "Habeas Corpus, you are charged for that you on the first day of this month feloniously did steal, take and carry away one pair of boots of the value of seven shillings and sixpence, the property of Archibald Stone. How say you, are you guilty or not guilty?" it was then that Habeas Corpus summed up the whole situation in one priceless remark. "It was," said he, "a fair cop."

**Corrected Notice for the Tube.**

*Present Version.* A lift descends to connect with each westbound train.

*Suggested New Version.* A lift condescends to connect with every other westbound train.





## AT THE ACADEMY.

*Enthusias!* (who has come very early to avoid the crowd). "PRETTY DULL SHOW."  
*She* (from the country). "HORRIBLY! NOTHING TO SEE BUT PICTURES."

## THE KIND RED LIONESS.

I WILL admit that my head ached and I looked tired; but I was not so depressed as all that. None the less she thought I was, and being a good soul she did what she could to help me, and since I knew her to be a good soul doing all she could to help me I had to acquiesce.

"Let me bring you something to cheer you up!" she said. "Of course it's lonely staying in a country inn all by yourself. I know it must be. But I've got something that will make you laugh. I'll fetch it in."

I feared the worst as Mrs. Tally hastened away; and I knew the worst when she returned bearing the Visitors' Book.

"There," she said, "I often have a good laugh over that of an evening. Such funny bits there are in it. Some of the gentlemen we get here are such wags. Look at this"—and she placed her fat finger on a drawing of a young man in a straw hat, leaning against the bar while he blew kisses to an enormous figure behind it.

"That's me," she said, pointing to the enormous figure. "I remember that young gentleman so well. He came with two others, on bicycles, and they stayed from Saturday to Monday. So bright they were, and so full of jokes. See what he wrote underneath."

I read: "Dook Snook, Lord Bob, and the Hon. Billy came and saw and were conquered—to-tally!"

"Do you see the joke in that last word?" she inquired. "Rather smart, wasn't it? But they're full of fun, all of them. Here's another amusing one. I remember that gentleman very well. He was always so witty."

I looked and read: "I was sent to the Red Lion by my doctor for change and rest. The waitress got the change, and the hostess the rest."

"Isn't that good?" the Red Lioness inquired.

I said it was. How could I dash this enthusiast's spirit by telling her its age?

"This is a bit of poetry," said my hostess, proceeding to read it:—

"Of all the girls that are so smart,  
 There's none like Mrs. Tally,

She is the darling of my heart,  
 And lives in our alley.

Signed X (BILL BAILEY, his mark).'

"He was a jolly young fellow. I wonder what's become of him; he hasn't been here for months. Here's some more poetry:—

"There's nothing like a Lion that's Red  
 For pleasant food and comfy bed.  
 I mean to come and stay again,  
 But now must run and catch my train.

ALGERNON MULL,  
 296, Broad Walk, Ealing.'

"Don't you think it's wonderful to be able to make up poetry"—she called it poytry—"like that?" Mrs. Tally continued. "I do. I've tried, but I never could do anything worth repeating, and as for writing in a Visitors' Book! . . . Don't you agree with me?" she asked.

"Most cordially," I said. "It's a real gift, there's no doubt about it. A gift."

"Yes," she said, "a gift. That's what it is. Here's another funny one," she added.

I read: "The Ten Thirsty Tiddlers visited the old Red Lion for the fifteenth time. Everything A1 as usual."

"But of course," said Mrs. Tally, "although these are amusing and make the book such good reading, it's the serious compliments we like the best. All comic wouldn't do at all. Some people, indeed, actually dislike it. There were two lady artists here not long ago who asked me to remove the book from the room, as it was so vulgar. Fancy that—'remove the book!' No, it's the serious things that do the most good in the trade, of course. Like this, for instance"—and Mrs. Tally pointed to the following, one after the other:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Flower, of Dunedin, N.Z., spent a week here very pleasantly in July. The cooking was excellent and everything was most comfortable. They hope to return on their next visit to the dear old country."

"Comfortable rooms, good attendance, perfect cooking and the best of landladies. In short, a home from home. H. A. MARTIN, St. Swithin's, Sydenham, S.E."

"My daughter, Mrs. Crawley, and myself have spent a very agreeable week-end here and hope to come again. J. MURRAY PHIPPS, Member of the Committee of the Royal Musical Society."

"We have received every kindness from Mrs. Tally and her very efficient staff. MR. AND MRS. J. ARBUTHNOT GILL, Wood Dene, Pinner."

"Well," said Mrs. Tally, "I must go now; but I'll leave the book with you. And there's an earlier volume if you like to see it. It'll cheer you wonderfully, and you'll just die of laughing."

The honest kindly soul! There are moments when one is more ashamed of what is called culture than any one can ever be of ignorance.

#### POMP.

WHEN Arthur John Robinson, Esquire, was made a borough J.P., and appointed to sit and dispense judgment in a court of summary jurisdiction, he determined to do the thing properly. So, before his first appearance on the bench, he attended all the accessible assize courts and studied with great attention the methods of the Judges of the High Court. Particularly was he impressed with their manner of sentencing convicted murderers, but not so impressed as to doubt that he could do it as well himself, when occasion arose.

The first matter with which he was called upon to deal was a charge of theft, a first offence and not a very ambitious one at that. Bearing himself with great dignity and decorum, he discussed the sentence with the Magistrates' Clerk, and suggested a longish term of penal servitude. But the Clerk, who

knew not only his business but also his limitations, tactfully pointed out that the most that could be done for the prisoner by that court was three months' hard.

The next case was a summons against a father for not sending his child to school, for which offence Robinson, J.P., without consulting anybody, ordered him to be imprisoned in the second division for six months. But the Clerk arose again, and declared in a useful whisper that, though the father deserved every day of his sentence, the law did not permit of his being imprisoned at all. So the sinner was recalled and his sentence commuted by a lenient Bench to a mere fine. "I do not know," said Robinson, J.P., to himself, "which I find more tiresome, the interference of magistrates' clerks or the incompetence of the law. Next time I will have my go."

The next item was a "drunk and disorderly," and the Bench prepared itself to deal with this in its most judicial manner. This time, however, the Clerk was consulted first as to the maximum sentence; which done, the utmost silence was commanded throughout the court and sentence thus delivered:—"Prisoner at the bar, you have committed one of the most serious and most dastardly offences a man may commit. You have been guilty of one of the worst crimes possible against your country, your borough, your family and yourself. Justice must exert, unremitting, its every effort to suppress you and your abandoned kind, that so the State may be rid of its most dangerous enemy. I sentence you to twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour; and may the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

#### IMMUNITY BADGES.

OWING to somebody's bright idea, a long-suffering section of the community—those generous souls who are inveigled into bazaars—may now breathe again, and continue to do so on and after July 1, when the "Please don't ask" badge is to be introduced at the "Country Fair" in the Botanic Gardens in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League. A large bright red disc labelled "Immunity Badge," at a cost of a mere ten shillings, will warn off all stall-holders, bran-pie merchants, and raffle-mongers from the wearer, who will then be enabled to take a dispassionate view of the proceedings, and even have to beg for a cup of tea at the market price from the presiding duchess at the counter.

This brilliant invention might with

advantage be carried a stage further. A laborious and crowded afternoon would be saved if "Absentee Tickets" were issued, say for a guinea, by the purchase of which those who figure on Charity Patrons' lists would be enabled to stay away altogether from any particular Fancy Fair.

By a further extension, stall-keepers might be excused from exhibiting any wares whatever, and, if this privilege were universally and quite reasonably taken up, the whole show could be omitted. This would effect a marked economy in time, temper, postage and printing, while the funds of the approved institution would be proportionately enriched. It would be a matter for skilled actuaries and determined philanthropists to settle between them. In fact the logical deduction seems to be, that bazaars may now be entirely eliminated from the social scheme.

#### THE GREEN GRASS.

My garden's my pride and my glory,  
It gives me employment from dawn,  
But the part that is turning me hoary  
Is the bald-headed state of the lawn.

With grass I proceeded to sow it  
And longed, unsuspectingly blithe,  
For the time when I shortly should  
mow it  
And looked up the price of a scythe.

Though I rolled it, and watered it daily  
With tears and the sweat of my brow,  
Discomfiture shadowed me greyly,  
The grass wouldn't grow *anyhow*.

My dogged endeavours were routed,  
My patience was shattered to shreds,  
The seed on the lawn never sprouted,  
But came up in weeds on the beds.

Then I scattered the seed, growing wary,  
Round my bedded-out seedlings at  
night,

Convinced that, still being "contrairy,"  
It would grow on the lawn out of spite.

Not a chance! The bed fostered its  
powers,  
It grew with an impudent growth  
And rooted so strong round the flowers  
I had to pull neither or both.

So I think this well-proved information  
Should be added to gardener's books  
For the amateur's edification:

"Grass isn't as green as it looks!"

Stop Press News in an evening  
paper:—

"Vine rot 574."

This match must have been going on  
for years and years and years.



Host (to Guest who is ruining court by playing in high heels). "I'M SO AFRAID YOU MAY TWIST YOUR ANKLE WITH THOSE HEELS. DO LET MY WIFE LEND YOU A PAIR OF TENNIS-SHOES."

Guest. "OH, NO, THANKS I'M QUITE ALL RIGHT; THE GROUND'S SO SOFT THAT MY HEELS SINK RIGHT IN, AND I GET A SPLENDID FOOTHOLD!"

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

To the rich and popular *Simon de Gex* life was a comedy at which he looked on with a smile, for all that he was troubled with a little pain inside. One day he consulted a doctor about this pain—after which he realised that even comedies come to an end some time and that this one had only six months more to run. Thereupon he started out to play Providence for the short time that was left to him; very confidently setting himself the task of earning happiness by making others happy. Somehow it did not seem to be as easy as he had expected; he brought only unhappiness to those whom he thought to befriend. So when his time was come, and he realised bitterly that even as a Good Fairy he was a failure, he was glad to die. But Fate denied him even this—he recovered. Then, penniless and friendless, he began again; helping others humbly this time, not in his own way, but in theirs. It was by this means that *Simon the Jester* found happiness. You must read Mr. W. J. LOCKE'S story (LANE)—a novel of wit and wisdom and tenderness and understanding. My task, you see, is easier than *Simon's*; I have only to recommend this book to earn my reward.

The Outliers are a forest race, skilled in woodcraft, nomad, and all the better for not being civilized. The Far Folk, though they prefer the bleak hills, are just such another race, equally brave but not quite so honest. The

House-livers (you and I are House-livers) are beneath contempt. Now the Outliers once held The King's Treasure, which the Far Folk wanted very badly. And because the latter wanted it so badly and had been guilty of no little treachery on its behalf in the past, the Outliers determined that they should not have it. So they buried it in a secret place and set as ward over it one of their young maidens, changing the same periodically. As each maiden came off duty, she was made to drink the Cup of Forgetfulness, for even in *Outland* (MURRAY) women are not expert secret-keepers. Over the winning and losing of the Treasure by divers means, not omitting the use of the romantic side of the fair ward's youth, Mr. GORDON STAIRS has contrived a dainty yet exhilarating romance, told in a simple eloquence which becomes an atmosphere so little complex. He would not have had any truck at all with the despicable House-livers, had he seen his way to telling his tale without them. As it is, he only admits one of either sex, and those not too civilized. I suspect him of being a bit of an Outlier himself, from the way in which he bursts into the middle of his delightfully impossible tale, as who should say, "Don't let us bother with houses and reasons and surnames and probabilities and all the other tiresome by-products of polite society." And, when I had got used to doing with quick movement, lots of fresh air and no explanations, I came to wish heartily that I, too, had been born an Outlier.

The book entitled *George Meek, Bath Chair-man, by Himself*, which is published by Messrs. CONSTABLE, with an introduction by Mr. H. G. WELLS, has made me feel



rather proud of myself, because I am certain that I am the only critic who will resist the temptation to describe it as a human document. GEORGE MEEK is a real living man who has pursued many callings with indifferent success. He was a shoeblack, a baker's assistant, a club servant, a political registration agent—to select at random from the list. Finally he became a bath chair-man at Eastbourne. As by-play during many of these occupations he tried his hand at writing, and Mr. WELLS, to whom he applied for advice, seems to have urged him not to worry out schemes of Utopian Socialism, which he was rather inclined to do, but to tell the story of his own life. Mr. WELLS says he thinks he remembers writing something to this effect: "You must know no end of things, and have felt no end of things, I, as a writer, would give my left hand for. Try and set them down." Well, Mr. MEEK has done it, with a good deal of frankness, and the result is undeniably interesting. I have only to express the hope that Mr. WELLS will be satisfied with the written record, and not go bartering one of his hands for a chance of the actual experiences. At any rate I am glad he is not prepared to amputate the hand he writes with.

According to *Maria*, the whole duty of woman is to climb. If you start, as she did, from the dead level of Brixton, and going round by the safe and easy Bayswater Road mount steadily upwards, with your eyes glued on the shining peaks of Park Lane, you may get there or thereabouts in time, provided that you are not overburdened with a sense of humour and have a large enough reserve force of innate vulgarity. Those are the Alpha and Omega of the great gospel of Getting On. Also, you must not be unduly sensitive about the smiles and pin-pricks of your dearest friends and rival mountaineers. In all these respects *Maria* was admirably equipped for the enterprise. The story of her struggles with society and her ultimate triumph (as told by Mrs. JOHN LANE), and her Brixton-cum-Bayswater views on marriage, wedding-presents, etiquette, charity, art, and all the common objects of the wayside on the well-worn track by which she travelled, makes up a clever and amusing satire. The book is like a composite photograph of all the Marias that ever were; a merciless *exposé* of all the wrinkles and blemishes of their suburban souls. Not one of them has escaped Mrs. LANE's eagle eye. And yet the result is not—what shall I say?—not quite up to *The Champagne Standard* which she set herself. It is a good, sound-bodied, wholesome wine, but, considering that it comes from the cellars of that famous hostelry, The Bodley Head, and bears the Mrs. JOHN LANE label, it seems to me to lack the sparkle and freshness that I should have expected. For Mrs. JOHN LANE has a very pretty wit of her own. But so many people have written about *Maria* before her that, on this occasion only, her remarks and her humour run the risk of appearing to be too obvious.

If you like to search for improbabilities in *The Girl with the Red Hair* (CASSELL) you will find a whole crop of them; but, although I do not believe in MAX PEMBERTON's undergraduates—and least of all in the one who tells the tale—I swallowed their adventures at one sitting. The trouble is that the author (late of Caius) has learnt a lot since his Cambridge days, and meanwhile has forgotten how ignorant a Varsity man can be. But if Mr. PEMBERTON likes to handicap himself by writing as an undergraduate it is no concern of mine; for his business is with intrigues, plots, perils by land and sea, and hair-breadth escapes, and his art is to make us believe the incredible. So when he gets his characters away from Cambridge and shuts them up in an old Swedish castle, I am with him (and them) wholeheartedly. At various times the hero is in danger of being drowned, starved to death, murdered in his bed (no marks for that), and shot, and my only regret is that he had not time to do a little flying. Still something must be left for the next hero, and in all truth this one did enough to satisfy the greediest appetite for incident. But to enjoy *The Girl with the Red Hair* you must have a good digestion.



Sandy. "DOCTOR, MAN, THERE'S A WEE BIT ERROR I' THIS BILL O' YOURS. YE'VE CHAIROGED ME FOR ADVICE. AH NEVER TUCK IT."

When you open your *Printers' Pie* you will find many more than four-and-twenty black-and-white birds (and birds of the gayest plumage, too) ready to sing to you for all they are worth, which is a great deal, though the charge for the whole concert is only a shilling. *Printers' Pie* is, indeed, a dish to set before a king. Mr. *Punch's* compliments to the Chief Baker, Mr. HUGH SPOTTISWOODE, and may he sit in his counting-house counting up great masses of shekels on behalf of the *Printers' Pension*, in whose good cause he has done this labour of love and loyalty.

From a letter in *The Glasgow Herald*:—

"Sir,—It may be interesting to you to learn that there, at the Faroe Islands, which belong to Denmark, and every day among others are visited by numbers of British trawlers, has been for some weeks, and still are, two German men-of-war practising gun shooting, etc., at one of the best harbours in the Faroe Islands, Vestmanna called, where the crew has leave to go ashore, and where the officers at the same time are taking up measurements of the harbour and coast near by. *What this means is not known.*"

Still, the writer must have had some idea in his head when he began. (N.B. The italics are still ours.)

#### Graphic Description.

From a feuilleton by C. N. and A. M. WILLIAMSON:—

"Always the walls were blank, save for a deep-set, nail-studded door, black as a big splash of ink, or a window no bigger than a square dark hole."

Pour, as we did, a bottle of ink over a sheet of white paper and you will get the idea of the walls at once. For the other effect, take an ordinary board, and cut out a square hole with a fretsaw; this will give you a rough impression of the size of the window.